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M. LINANT DE BELLEFONDS' ACCOUNT OF STANLEY'S VISIT TO KING M'TSE'S CAPITAL.

[From the New York Herald, January 26, 1876. (From the London Telegraph, Jan 12.)]

We have received from Cairo the remaining portion of the report made by M. E. Linant de Bellefonds to the Egyptian Minister of War respecting his visit to King M'tsé's capital, and his meeting there with Mr. Stanley. This document has a double interest, both as giving well-nigh the latest intelligence at present to hand from the Joint Commissioner of the New York Herald and Daily Telegraph, and also as containing, together with some admirably vivid sketches of the country and people, the last written words of a young and most promising officer, whose loss has been deeply deplored by Colonel Gordon and the Khedive. We, therefore, translate the official letter in full:

STANLEY LEAVES KING M'TSÉ'S CAPITAL FOR USUMVA.

UGANDA, THURSDAY *April* 15, 1875.

Mr. Stanley is leaving us in order to accomplish the work of exploring the western side of the lake, thereafter intending to return to Usukuma to pick up his followers and the goods left at Kagehyi. I have arranged to accompany him as far as Usavara, the point of embarkation in Murchison bay. We start together, therefore, this morning, I having lent one of my mules to my friend and ordered ten of my soldiers to escort us.

ON THE WAY — MAGNIFICENT SCENERY.

We commence the journey by rounding the hill upon which his majesty resides, and then bend our steps southward with a slight easterly inclination. All the way along our route we see gardens luxuriant with the banana and sweet potato. We have to cross a canal into which all the mud of the country appears to have gathered, It has a breadth of forty meters at the point where we cross, and there is a bridge of roughly cut logs and branches thrown over it; but, though people on foot may find the passage rendered easier by this

construction, it is badly adapted to our mules, which lose their balance on the smooth and shifting trunks, with the result of pitching into the mud and water. However, we manage to haul them out and to get ourselves over, and then after two hours' march, we climb a hill with a steep incline. The road is bordered on both sides by impenetrable thickets, the hiding place of leopards and hyenas, where certainly no one is likely to interfere much with the digestion of their prey. Arrived at the top of this eminence the beautiful view makes us quickly forget all the fatigues of the ascent. Under our feet, the magnificent lake stretches out, sparkling like a cloth of silver; numerous green islands, softly rounded and indented, shut in the bay with a girdle as of emeralds; while along the shore are masses of darker green dotted about, these being groves of huge timber trees, which bathe their roots and branches in the fresh and limpid wavelets of the Victoria. Eastward a silvery ribbon hurries to lose itself in the lake; it is the canal which we have lately crossed. The scene is enchanting, absorbing; the heart must swell with pleasure within the breast of any admirer of natural beauty who gazes upon it. We feel a keen desire to descend and approach nearer to this lovely coast whose charms ravish us, and, after a quick advance of less than an hour, the ripples of the quiet Niyanza are breaking at our feet.

TEMPERANCE AND PATRIOTISM.

Everybody stoops to drink of the clear water, and Mr. Stanley and I toast our respective countries in the refreshing liquid.

STANLEY BAPTIZES A BOULEVARD.

We are here at Usovara, a hunting station of King M'tsé, who frequently repairs to the spot in order to exercise his shooting powers upon the crocodiles. Numberless huts and gardens appear around us, and among them his majesty has a "shooting box" which covers an area of several kilometers.

There is a broad approach which Mr. Stanley christens the "Avenue des Champs Elysées," lined on each side by the dwellings of the royal guards, and it leads to the king's abode. This approach is about a mile in length, M'tsé's lodge turning out to be a connection of huts, each encircled by a fence, while all around are scattered the lodgings for his escort.

THE ROYAL DWELLING.

Certainly to judge by the precautions here displayed for the royal security, his majesty must sleep rather uneasily. We examine the king's premises minutely, for there is nobody about, not even a watchman, and we take possession for a time of the best of the huts reserved for the royal suite when M'tsé comes to Usovava.

A ROYAL SQUADRON FOR THE USE OF THE AMERICAN.

Mr. Stanley has been promised by the king the use of thirty canoes to accompany him to the Usukuma and to bring back to Usovava his expedition and equipments. The high admiral of Uganda, in person, is to accompany them; but it is already four o'clock, and we see nothing either of the fleet or the official.

DOMESTIC GRIEF TO THE NATIVE ADMIRAL.

News presently arrives that the delay is caused by a sad domestic calamity which has befallen the chief of the Uganda navy, and it turns out that, having arrived over night near Usovava with all his female establishment, the admiral has had all his wives fetched back by order of the king, his majesty declaring that it was highly irregular to make a pleasure party of that which was intended as a matter of important service.

To-morrow, they say, all will be in readiness.

A PROMENADE AND OBSERVATIONS.

Mr. Stanley and I devote ourselves accordingly to a promenade along the lake, in the course of which we behold, with admiration, enormous trees that might afford cover, with their thick shade, to 500 people at once. Parasitical plants climb over the trunks and branches of these Titans of the forest, and if you make an incision into the bark or roots there exudes a resinous gum which appears very similar to the "mastic" that the Cairo women chew.

THE SOIL.

At the edge of the lake is a mineral detritus, rich in oxide of iron, and upon it grows closely a thick and soft moss of yellowish green, composing a carpet as agreeable to the eye as to the foot.

ACCOMMODATION DURING THE NIGHT.

FRIDAY, *April* 16, 1875.

My bed last night left much to desire. It was made of dry grass, with a bag of potatoes for the pillow. Such was my simple couch, for, as I had intended to return before nightfall, I did not take with me the least thing in the way of coverlid. Mr. Stanley most kindly pressed upon me his "engareb" and railway rug, but I could not think it right to rob him of them. Imperfect, however, as my sleeping arrangements were, I reposed soundly, and that in spite of mosquitoes and fleas, of which there were a few of the former, but perfect hordes of the latter.

THE SQUADRON IN SIGHT — APPEARANCE OF THE VESSELS.

At four in the morning the squadron which was to escort my friend down the lake made its appearance, and assuredly the vessels of King M'tsé are curious, if not imposing. Each canoe is about ten to twelve meters in length, with a beam of one or one and a half. It is made up of many lengths of hewn plank, fastened by withes of osier, the seams being calked with bark and mud. As a consequence of this very defective method of construction, the Wagandas have never been able to make themselves masters of the island of Uvuma. As soon as any war-canoe approaches that place the islanders rush forth into the water, armed with knives, swim to the vessel, dive under it and cut the withes which hold the affair together. The canoe thus falls apart, and its crew perish either by drowning or by the weapons of the Wayumas.

THE SHAPE

of these Waganda canoes resembles that of the Venetian gondola. The stern has a high sheer, and forms the seat of the helmsman, who steers with a paddle, sweeping it now to the right, now to the left, according to the course which he desires to take. The stem-piece is rounded and gracefully bent into the form of a swan's neck, two antelope horns being fixed upon it, so that with the long curved neck and the horns a very strange effect is produced, especially when the boat is coming straight on; almost, in fact, as if some antediluvian creature were gliding toward you over the waters, and raising its head watchfully on high to follow some prey upon which it means to dart.

None of these crafts carry sails; and, indeed, the use of the latter is unknown among the Waganda.

The boats are propelled by paddles, the crew sitting two by two, and varying in number from fourteen to twenty-four, in accordance with the size of the boat.

A CRUISE IN THE LADY ALICE.

A considerable division of the promised fleet having now arrived we resolved to make a preliminary excursion upon the bay. Mr. Stanley ordered his vessel, the *Lady Alice*, to be got in readiness. She is a beautiful little craft, built of cedar, and constructed in water-tight sections, so as to be readily taken to pieces and put together again. I went on board with my companion, and all the canoes started at the same time, vying with each other to be ahead. They soon outstripped us, and then set to work paddling round and round the *Lady Alice* like so many tritons.

THE COMMANDER'S FLAG.

On board one of them was the admiral, and the official drum of that magnate kept noisily beating, at one time commanding the fleet to gather about the "flag canoe," at another sending them off, helter-skelter, in all directions.

THE NIYANZA.

On one side stretched the boundless surface of the Niyanza, on the other extended the shore which we had just left, presenting together the gayest and most charming spectacle imaginable. The knolls and hillocks round the lake, each covered with a robe of tender green, and bathing its base in the shining waves, suggested so many water-goddesses reclining on the sunlit grass and dabbling their feet in the cool and limpid ripples. I, indeed, was off and away in fancy, a thousand leagues from life's realities; and both Stanley and myself sat wrapped in a long silence, trying to satiate our eyes and minds — without succeeding — upon those prodigal glories of nature which stretched far and wide about us.

INVALIDED.

Unhappily, after returning to camp, I was seized with a frightful attack of neuralgia, and am sadly afraid that I must have proved a far from agreeable associate for my good friend during the remainder of that day. Mr. Stanley and the admiral of the Uganda fleet had fixed upon the following morning for their start, but that naval worthy was, meanwhile, in despair, not having heard a word about his con-

fiscated wives. It was too much to be feared, indeed, that his majesty had added them pellmell to that division of his forces in which the effective list perpetually exceeds the estimates.

THE AMERICAN EXPLORER'S DEPARTURE.

April 17, 1875.

I have passed a horrible night. A most pitiless headache prevented me from snatching a moment of repose until daybreak. From the time when I lay down till three in the morning I tried to get asleep, reclining upon the moss by the side of the lake and breathing the cool air from the water. The night was glorious, and my soldiers spent most of it in chatting and joking by the shore, or taking dips in the calm surface in spite of the crocodiles; they had, in truth, a lively interest in a certain hind-quarter of mutton which they were roasting whole over a fire upon a sharpened stake.

At three in the morning their banquet was about ready, and just then I rose and went back to the huts, where Stanley was sleeping soundly. Shortly afterward, fatigue overpowering my headache, I, too, managed to close my eyes, and slumbered till five o'clock.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FLAG — AWAY FOR THE SOUTH.

At that hour the drums woke me, striking up on board the Waganda fleet, which was assembled to convoy my friend. He and I very soon made our toilets; the Lady Alice was got ready, the luggage, sheep, kids, chickens, and every thing on board. It only remained to hoist the Anglo-American flag and turn the vessel's head to the far south.

ADIEUX.

I went down with him to the side of his craft, and then we pressed hands together and mutually commended each other to the protection of Heaven.

Stanley stepped on board and took the helm; the Lady Alice curveted and danced like a high-bred steed, and then darted away with the Victorian wavelets foaming white under her bows. The flag over my friend's head flew proudly out in the African breeze, and I saluted it with all my guns. If not an imposing salvo, let me say that it never was saluted with more hearty good-will. Further and further flew the pretty Lady Alice. We waved our hands and handkerchiefs in token of last adieu, and — I confess it — my heart was

full. I felt as one that has parted with a brother, for I had already grown fond of Stanley as a fine-hearted fellow, a frank, excellent comrade, and a first-rate traveler. In his society I had forgotten my fatigues; and then, too, till I met him, I had not spoken one single word of French for four months. Our encounter had thus produced for me almost the effect of a return to my native land. His conversation — amusing, pleasant and instructive — made the hours of our friendship pass like minutes.

I do hope to see him again, and to spend many a happy day with him.

SAD AND GLOOMY.

We turned aside from the waters which had just borne Stanley far away, and nobody seemed in the mood for chatter, so that we all followed in silence the road to Ulagala.

I arrived at Dubaga at eleven o'clock, and there heard that the greater part of my soldiers were down with fever, that no provisions had been sent during my absence, and that four of our cows had been lost by the herdsmen. The chief offender received 100 blows of the stick, as he was suspected of having sold the animals, and I wrote to Mtesa that my people were suffering with hunger. I demanded, at the same time, an authorization to return to Foweira, an answer to which soon came in the form of twelve cows and a quantity of eggs.

My headache returning, I went directly to bed.